

Plodding homeward along, alone,  
aching from head to blistered toe,  
I am too tired to resist what this landscape insists:  
that the sure certainties of time and place  
could be hounded by a scatter of boulder and stone.  
Surely a handy hill however passive  
can grandly transcend into the uncanny  
- it just cannot - or can it?  
Could the rain-filled clouds be the ghosts of granite?  
Both make the denied silence massive.  
How I admire the rewards of this gannet solitude  
that you must drift in like evaporating mist;  
how they cluster in the stone circle of a ruined house  
facing each other and talking through lunch  
secure in the primary columns of their survival nothing  
that stab and clash and flash across the landscape.  
I survive by withstanding the willed madness for the fabulons  
in a kingdom of stone: this is a religion where  
you feel far more than alone.  
They hack and batter and clutter their way through the day  
fortified by the comradery and bad jokes of avoidance;  
their fortress will keep it out, ~~out~~ out there, not here,  
in the nothingness where it matters, where it adheres  
to the inner void of matter with refreshing emptiness.  
When the cover of my rucksack blew away in the gale  
somewhere between Westmorsgate and the toolshed,  
I loathed the thought that a plastic insult of the present  
was disfiguring the grand status of this battered everywhere.  
Common sense bated me, insisted I should not bother searching;  
instead I did not bother trying  
but wandered in a confident straight line wherever  
and walked right up to where it was presented to me waiting.  
A week later I lost a plastic bag in the wind,  
Because I did not need it I hardly even tried to retrieve it.



An hour later I watched frozen in slow motion  
as my hand was crushed

between two brutal slabs of granite;  
I made the inevitable improper connection  
while common sense howled its denision  
at such wise superstition.

Totally the boulders mediate their complex greys  
like minor gods ordering chaos,  
the darker darkness of objective facts  
banished to the cross of their leonard shadows.

Tired stones fling from heaven, mired in compass and dune,  
wallow in their shallow impact with our reality,  
exacerbating the tragic groundbars of mortality.

How I adore their blunt clumsiness  
as they shunt each other down slope  
poised like noiseless fossil-grey surf.

Like enormous bulldozers vaguely waiting to be born.

They endme, ~~uniting~~ uniting the past and present into a tense unknown;  
excavated by archaeologists,

secrets extroverted by an introvert professor  
whose wrapped stones and fluorescent flags  
regress to expressions of magic culture...

And I confess from my own faltering shadows  
that when the white light flutters  
the windward altar of a monolith

haloed in yellow hicken, something intensely tiny  
but far more mighty than mountains happens -  
the scene is hallowed.

For mica far more than merely brightens  
it ignites

and likens to the light far brighter than bright.